Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus*, once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare,
With hounds of *Sparta*: neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groues,
The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweete thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartane* kinde:
So flew'd, ſo ſanded: and their heads are hung
With eares, that ſweepe away the morning deawe,
Crooke kneed, and deawlapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls:
Slowe in purſuit; but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tunable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*.
Iudge when you heare. But ſoft. What nymphes are theſe?
Egeus. My Lord, this my daughter heere aſleepe,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedars Helena*.
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt, they roſe vp earely, to obſerue
The right of May: and hearing our intent,
Came heere, in grace of our ſolemnitie.
But ſpeake, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choyce?
Egeus. It is, my Lord. (homes,
Theſe. Goe, bid the huntſmen wake them with their
Shoute within: they all ſtart vp. Winde hornes.
The. Good morrow, friends. Saint *Valentine* is paſt:
Begin theſe wood birds but to couple, now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my Lord.
The. I pray you all, ſtand vp.
I know, you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the worlde,
That hatred is ſo farre from iealouſie,

To